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Joseph

A Drama in Four Acts

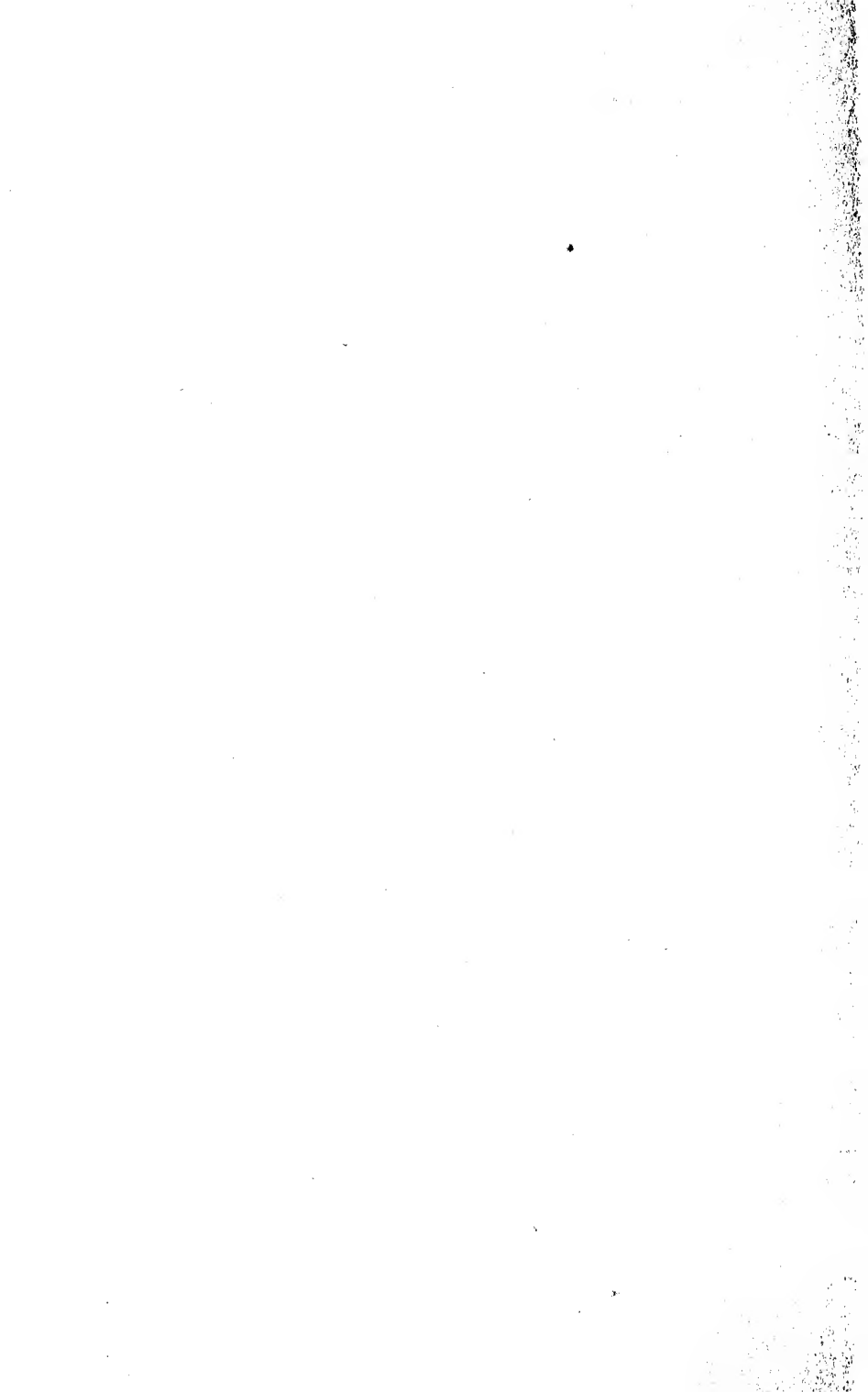


BY
CHARLES H. SECCOMBE
AND
BIRGER ELWING



SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

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Characters

JOSEPH, { the Shepherd Lad
Potiphar's Steward and Pharaoh's Overseer.

JACOB, the Hebrew Patriarch

| | | |
|--|---|---------------|
| <i>REUBEN</i> , <i>SIMEON</i> , LEVI, <i>JUDAH</i> , <i>ISSACHER</i> , <i>ZEBULON</i> , <i>DAN</i> <i>NAPHTALI</i> , <i>GAD</i> , <i>ASHER</i> , <i>BENJAMIN</i> | } | Sons of Jacob |
|--|---|---------------|

Hebrew Women, Children and Servants

| | | |
|---|---|-------------|
| <i>ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHER</i> <i>FIRST MERCHANT</i> <i>SECOND MERCHANT</i> <i>THIRD MERCHANT</i> <i>FOURTH MERCHANT</i> | } | Ishmaelites |
|---|---|-------------|

ZORIDA, Slave Girl

Oriental Women

Fortune Tellers,

Boys,

PHARAOH, Ruler of Egypt

POTIPHAR, Captain of Pharaoh's Guard

POTIPHAR'S WIFE

CHIRO, Egyptian Nobleman

BUTLER

BAKER

SAPPO, Egyptian Maid of Potiphar's Household

Egyptian Girl

EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGERS

EGYPTIAN PRIESTS

Guards

Attendants

Courtiers

MAGICIANS

Slaves

Boys and Girls

Joseph

(The music is an important feature of the play and must be wisely chosen. All musicians are to be hidden. Music during the tableaux must be appropriate. Music before the play begins should be such as to prepare the audience by awakening in them a longing for the higher life.

Much will depend upon the light effects. In all the tableaux great care must be taken that lights are not strong. Foot lights are to be used in moderation. The auditorium should be lighted gradually, not suddenly, after the tableaux.)

Prologue

(Curtain rises showing a plain curtain for background near front of stage. One of the actors in simple flowing costume comes to the center of stage from opening in folds of back curtain and delivers the prologue.)

Before the golden age of Greece or ere blind Homer sang of valiant deeds, a tender shepherd lad, so runs the tale, played at the door of his father's tent in rugged Canaan's land. A youth of vision he—whom his brethren, since they understood him not, and, jealous of a father's love, hated and thought to slay. By wiser counsel swayed and for love of gain, they sold the boy to wandering merchants, who brought him down to Egypt. By the Nile's fertile waters, he rose to great power and delivered his people when famine spoiled the land. For so did the youth, by his own deserted, mid trials and temptations sore, forsake not his vision.

And the tale, reciting the fortunes of the lad, speaks a deeper language to every heart. Of loyalty, that ne'er forgets; of kindness that conquers hate; of faith and courage that violate no trust; of sacred honor, more alluring than queenly beauty; of love and peace that conquer all.

Tableau 1: Joseph Giving Food to His Brethren

(As soon as prologue is delivered, stage and auditorium are completely darkened. Curtain rises. Yellow light from ceiling of stage and from wings turned on gradually so as to give tableau mystical effect. Front of stage in sort of twilight.

For this tableau the background and wings are black. Joseph in yellow dress of Egyptian nobleman of high rank stands in center near rear of stage upon a low pedestal holding out toward front a loaf of bread. Back of Joseph and upon a low altar are three angels with wings, in white. Each angel at the end holds a tray on which is bread. The center angel carries a wine cup. On each side of the altar incense fire burns. In the foreground the brethren are kneeling upon the floor toward the altar. Soft orchestral or vocal music behind the scenes.

This tableau symbolizes the meaning of the play. The brethren by their sordid and selfish lives which culminated in the crime against Joseph, were starring their better natures. They journey to Egypt to buy corn. The play exhibits the development in them of a yearning for a higher life. . . Joseph, who has been tested and disciplined by temptation, is able, because of his victorious life, to appeal to this hunger and to awaken their better natures, thus giving them the true bread which they are seeking.)

(Curtain falls)

Act One

Scene 1

(A shepherd's camp in Canaan. Open desert scene at mid-day. For daylight effects: front wings to have soft warm colored lights; background to have soft blue light to suggest distance. Foot lights and ceiling lights to be softened so as not to kill light effects of wings and background.

Enter Gad and Asher, carrying wood for fire. Enter Simon, Levi, Judah, Issacher, Zebulon, with shepherd's crooks and various utensils for cooking, and provisions. They busy themselves making camp. Enter Dan and Naphtali with the others and going to the foreground begin throwing dice while several look over their shoulders. Costumes those of Hebrew shepherds.)

Dan (shaking dice) : I win, I win!

Naphthali : Hist, say not so.

Dan (shakes again) : Doubles. (*shakes*) Doubles. (*shakes*) Doubles. Thrice, by the idol of the hills!

Naph. : Thou liest, thou bearded thief!

Dan : Sayest that again, and, by the Teraphim! I will give thy carcass to the beasts of the field! (*they clinch. Others rush up and separate them.*)

All : Hold!

Levi : Who cometh yonder?

Simeon : I see no man.

Judah : Thou sayest well; a beardless youth is he.

Levi : It is indeed he.

Issacher : Who, sayest thou?

Levi : The dreamer cometh.

Gad : What would he, think you?

Asher : Peraventure, he bringeth yet a dream.

Judah : Thus did he speak, (*mocking*) "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. (*they guffaw*) For behold, we were binding sheaves in the field"—

Issacher : That were a lie; he doeth no labor.

Judah : (*mocking*) "And lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright; and behold your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

Zebulon : What mean these idle sayings? I like them not.

Judah : Yet again spake he thus: (*mocking*) "Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream, and behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me."

(*All show signs of anger.*)

Issacher and Zebulon : That we will not do.

Simeon : Let us away with this idle fellow lest our father bestow upon him our share of the inheritance.

(*Joseph enters wearing coat of many colors.*)

Dan, Naph., Gad, Asher, (in mock servility) : Hail Ruler! Whence comest thou and whither goest?

Joseph : My father sent me to learn of your welfare and to bring him word.

Simeon : Thy father. Is he not our father too? Speak not haughtily in the presence of thy betters.

Joseph : What wrong have I done?

Dan, Naphtali: Wouldst thou rule over us, Dreamer?

Joseph: Such was my dream.

Levi (striking him): Go to! Slay him who struck thee.

Judah (seizing his coat): And him who taketh thy coat.

Simeon (beginning to bind him): And him who bindeth thee.

(They bind him and rush upon him as though to kill him.)

Joseph (in terror): Spare me, I pray you. Send me back home. Oh my father, my father!

Reuben (rushing in): Hold! Shed no blood, for he is our flesh. We will cast him into a pit, but lay no hand upon him.

(Reuben, Gad and Asher lead Joseph out.)

(The other brethren angrily watch the retreating brothers and begin to conspire.)

Simeon (to Issacher): Go mark the place where they put him and when Reuben is gone we will seize him and slay him.

(Exit Issacher.)

Judah: Nay, not so. What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood?

Judah: But he would take from us our inheritance. Our father loves him above all the rest of his sons.

Judah: I have it! Even this morning I saw approaching from the East a caravan of Ishmaelites. Come let us sell him to these merchants, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh.

All: That we will do.

(Curtain falls.)

Scene 2

(Gipsy camp. Desert scenery, full daylight. Camp fire. Arabian tent. Oriental men, women and boys. Old philosopher, merchants, fortune tellers, slave girls.)

Philosopher: Here rest we from our weary pilgrimage. From the rivers of the rising sun, over rugged plain and mountain steep have we journeyed. Before us lie the desert wastes which we must cross ere we find rest in the immortal valley of the Nile, toward the setting sun. Ah! such is the pilgrimage of life. From the land of the rising sun doth man, a creature of dust, journey across the plains and mountains of youth and maturity, through the wilderness of old age, to the green valley of his eternal home.

First Merchant: Look at these gems.

Second Mer.: And these silks.

Third Mer.: Smell of these spices.

Fourth Mer.: This pearl I found in a beggar's pack. He did not know its value. I bought it for two shekels of silver.

Philosopher (to slave girl): You are my fair pearl, little one.

Zorida (slave girl): Are you going to take me to Egypt?

Phil.: Yes, my lotus.

(Z. begins to weep)

Phil.: What is the matter?

Z., (weeping): I am afraid of Egypt. It is full of magicians who turn maidens into beasts and old men into stones and trees. Their pyramids and temples are full of spirits and ghosts who run through the streets at midnight, with wild and horrible screams.

Phil.: My Zorida, you are full of stories, stupid stories. This is the breath of ignorance and superstition. The spooks are in your brain, my Zorida. Egypt is a very beautiful land.

Zorida: But the people there wear long horns and bark like dogs.

Phil.: Zorida, my frightened dove, I have seen the splendor of mighty Babylon and my eyes have followed the sun descending in the sea beyond the statues of Atlas. Between these two ends of the earth I never saw nobler or wiser people than those who live in the valley of the Nile.

Zorida: But their priests teach horrid stories and send the souls of men to dwell in the bodies of animals.

Phil.: Once I heard a young Isis priest explain the mystery and birth of Horus, the radiant child of Isis. He said our true life like a butterfly freed from his chrysalis will one day spread out powerful wings in the pure radiant ether, our native country and future home.

First Mer.: I don't understand all that. What I want is money, you know, and plenty to eat and drink. But tell me, were you not afraid when you saw the sea beyond the statues of Atlas?

Phil.: Why, my friend?

First Mer.: Why, don't you know? You could fall over the edge of the earth, you know, and never come up again, you

know. Down below the heat is terrible, they have told me.

Phil.: Who have told you?

First Mer.: Why, once I got a lashing on my soles, you know; another fellow should have had it, but I got it, you know; and they told me that if I try to cheat poor people any more they would send me down below. Ugh!

Boys (laughing): He got a lashing, he got a lashing, he got a lashing! Hooray! hooray! He got a lashing!

First Mer.: Shut up, you red haired sons of Typhon.

Boys: He got a lashing. Hooray! (*merchant chases boys*)

Philosopher: Hold! Who come yonder?

(*Enter Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issacher, Zebulon, Dan, Naph-tali, with Joseph bound. Joseph without coat, weeping. Hebrews salute.*)

Simeon (addressing Philosopher): Peace be with thee, father.

Phil.: And peace be with you. Whence do you come and whither go?

Simeon: We be shepherds. From following our flocks in the wilderness have we come to greet thee and those who travel with thee and to show thee if need be the watering places for your cattle and your little ones.

Phil.: You are welcome; for ours is a weary journey. From the far East we journey to the land of the setting sun. Here, slave, bring refreshment for these men. They be our friends.

(*Slaves bring leather bottles. They sit down to drink.*)

(*Fortune tellers examine palms of several of the men.*)

First Mer.: What have you here, a slave? (*Taking hold of Joseph's arm.*)

Judah: Thy servants are not merchants; we be shepherds.

(*Merchants examine him, look at eyes and mouth, feel of muscles and confer together.*)

Second Mer.: Will you sell this slave?

Judah: He is a likely youth.

Second Mer.: He is small, but he will grow. I will give you ten shekels of silver for him.

Judah: We will not sell him. For who then would tend

the camp for us? Yet peradventure for forty shekels of silver we would let him go.

Joseph (horror struck): My brethren, ye would not sell me into slavery?

Third Mer.: Forty shekels! By the gods, he is not worth it. He is but a lad and will cost no small sum before he is become a man. We will give you fifteen shekels.

Judah: Nay, but for thirty shekels will we sell him, and then shall we be the losers.

Joseph: Oh, say not so. Take me back and I will serve you. Let me be a slave in the camp to carry water and hew wood, but send me not into bondage into Egypt.

Second Mer.: Thirty shekels! You would ruin us. If we get fifteen shekels in the marts of Egypt we do well. Twenty shekels is more than the boy is worth, but we will give it and not a shekel more.

Judah: Too cheap. It is a shame—a likely youth. Yet because you have shown us kindness, the slave is yours.

(Merchants count out the money)

Joseph (clinging to the knees of Judah): Oh, send me not away! Keep me a slave, but send me not away! Oh, my father!

Joseph (as the merchants lead him away): Oh, my father! my father! I shall see his face no more. But ye shall see him. Ye must see him! Ye shall bring down his gray hairs to the grave!

(Curtain falls.)

Scene 3

(Tent of Jacob. Light to resemble sunset. Jacob in patriarchal costume comes out and shading his eyes looks into the distance, returns sadly to tent. Repeats. Women busy in background. Sons of Jacob approach from side with evident reluctance. Jacob comes out of tent. They make obeisance to their father in silence.)

Jacob: Is it well with the lad, Joseph? I sent him to search you out. Saw ye him not?

Simcon (advancing slowly and holding out the coat of Joseph, blood stained): This have we found: know now whether it is thy son's coat or not.

Jacob (takes coat with trembling hand): It is my son's

coat. (*sobs*) An evil beast hath devoured him. (*breaking down*) Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces.

(*Jacob rends his garment and throws mantle over his face and rocks to and fro with grief.*)

Jacob (*removing mantle, sobbing*): Joseph, Joseph, my little one, my lamb. Thou hast fallen among ravenous wolves.

Jacob (*sobbing*): O my child Joseph, my child, my child, Joseph! Would God I had died for thee! O Joseph, my son, my son!

(*Sons and daughters weeping and wailing seek to comfort him. Jacob puts them from him and lifts his arms toward heaven.*)

Jacob: I will go down to the grave to my son mourning.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Act Two

Scene 1

(*Egypt. Potiphar's house. Interior of rich Egyptian home. Rear wall consists of row of columns through which an open desert landscape is visible. Scene of luxury. Potiphar's wife reclining on divan, central figure. She is a lady of leisure who has nothing to do but to be entertained. Sappo, other ladies, attendants, slaves. Much activity in background. Egyptian costumes. Morning light.*)

Sappo (*angry and crying*): It's a lie, a lie, from beginning to end.

Potiphar's Wife: But, my Sappo, there is no smoke without some fire. You must have been somewhere that evening, or rather night; for it was late, and the moon had risen.

Sappo: It's a lie, whatever they say. I did not go to the Great Pyramid with Philo, I went to Isis' Temple to hear the Bulls speak—I mean, I did not go out at all that evening.

P. W. (*still laughing*): My Sappo, you better tell us all about it. You say you did not go out, and “you went to Isis' Temple to hear the Holy Bulls speak.” But tell us about the Bulls speaking, my little adventuress.

Sappo (*mysteriously*): Well, you know; in the middle of the night when the God Ra turns his radiant face to the north and starts back on his way from the pagan countries of the

South, the sacred animals can speak. They unveil the path before us and tell us stories of sweet love.

P. W.: Old nursery stories! But Ero the slave did not see you at the Isis Temple at all, but driving with some one in the shadow of the pyramids.

Sappo: I am going to cut the tongue out of that old rhinoceros Ero and trim his ears close to his head and send him to the stone works. That will teach him not to prowl around at night where he is not wanted!

Second Girl: But who was driving for you? I would enjoy a moonlight ride myself if I had the chance.

Sappo: Well, you press me harder than old Uncle Taru his wine skin. Will you promise on your hearts not to tell a word to anybody?

Both Ladies: We promise!

Sappo: It was as I told you. I was going to the Isis Temple to question the Holy Bull; but just as we started, Philo, our friend, came along and giving my driver a coin to buy himself wine and to hold his peace, jumped into his place in my chariot to drive me to the temple. When we came to the great Sphinx-way that leads to the temple, the horses took fright and would not take the turn, but kept straight ahead by the Obelisk. It was a glorious ride in the bright moonlight! I wish it had lasted forever.

Slave (enters, announces): The noble Chiro.

(Chiro, Egyptian nobleman, enters.)

P. W.: Be greeted, noble Chiro; always young and radiant, like the star of Mitra, brightest in the firmament of men.

Chiro: You flatter me, lady, by the holy cow tail, you flatter me. I am only a poor nobleman who has to work hard from sunrise to sunset to make my way in Pharaoh's army and to find favor at his court.

P. W., (laughing): I suppose your hard work this morning has been to hang around the market place and look over the Assyrian slave girls brought in by the merchants.

Chiro: Ladies, by the holy cow tail, ladies; you wrong me. I never like the girls of Assyria; they are like the cactus that scratches and stings with its sharp thorns. I like better the Hebrew girls. They are like the moonbeam upon the desert—dreamy and full of bright visions.

..P. W.: (*laughing*): You have many experiences, my hard working hero of Pharaoh's army. Do not disclose more state secrets or you will be arrested and served for breakfast to the holy crocodiles.

Slave (enters and announces): A party of magicians want permission to entertain the noble ladies and gentlemen.

P. W.: (*clapping her hands*): They are indeed welcome these dull times. Tell them to enter.

(*Magicians enter.*) *Mag.*: We are a party of poor magicians who beg as a favor to entertain the noble ladies and gentlemen.

P. W.: It is as pleasant as water in the desert to see your performance. We are ready.

(*Magicians then bring in a large magic box which they set in the center of the stage. The chief magician waves a wand over the box and out of it come alternately a little girl in a white dress and a boy in monkey costume. After a sufficient company has come out of the box they perform various drills. Varied colored lights should be thrown upon them as they are drilling to add to the effect. The box should be placed over an invisible door in the floor of the stage through which the boys and girls make their entrance to the stage. After the drill the girls and boys go back into the box. It will add to the merriment if some of the monkeys give the magicians a chase before they are rounded up in the box. At the close of the performance, which is applauded. Potiphar's Wife rewards the magicians with coin. Exit Magicians.*)

(*Enter Butler, a short, portly man*)

Sappo (addressing Butler): My uncle is a very dear sight to my eyes this morning. May the gods grant you good health!

Butler: My Sappo is dear to me as my own daughter. And to you, noble ladies and gentlemen, a good morning.

Sappo: Has my dear uncle enjoyed his morning walk, and perhaps seen the rich merchandise brought from Arabia? Did you see the wonderful collection of necklaces and ornaments, uncle?

Butler: My eyes are old, my little lady. They are not for hunting jewelry. Only this morning my three daughters were talking to me about these trinkets. I came here to escape from

them. Peace, Sappo, peace is what I am looking for, not jewelry.

Sappo: But uncle, you know I will be sixteen next new moon; and I never had an Arabian necklace.

P. W.: He will remember you, Sappo, I can see it in his eyes.

Butler: O, you women! Necklaces at home and necklaces here. It is as my grandfather said: "Boy," he said, "when Osiris gave the little cup of life to human beings, he poured two sweet drops into it: wine and women. But boy," he said, "remember my word. If you love wine you will never have prosperity, and if you love women you will never have peace."

(Potiphar enters and salutes his wife)

Potiphar: Fairer than the dawn is my lady, the light of my life.

P. W.: My lord is like the sun which gives light to the dawn.

(Potiphar becomes engaged in matters of business. Slave brings scroll. P. W. arranges her head gear.)

Potiphar: I am half dead with so much care. Ho, slave!

(Slave enters)

P. (addressing slave): Bring me that young Hebrew.

(Exit slave)

P. (to his wife): A likely youth is that shepherd's son.

P. W.: He is, my lord.

P.: These shameless black men of Ethiopia are a greedy lot. I would sooner trust a serpent by the wall than one of those knaves.

P. W.: The Hebrew?

P.: By the sacred white bull, he is not like them. The gods favored me the morning I found him in the market place. I took a fancy to him as soon as I saw him. The merchants said they bought him of simple shepherds in Canaan. You can't believe what those thieves say. Likely enough they stole him. He is no common slave.

P. W.: I have observed him.

P.: When I first got him, I set him at work with the sculion among the iron and copper vessels. No need to watch him at his work; so I set him to watch the slaves. The laziest knave among them will work for him. During all the time he has

been with me, my goods have increased. I paid a princely ransom of raiment and silver for that Hebrew, but by the Sacred Bull! he is worth ten times the price. And now I have decided to appoint him over all my house. What do you say, my fair one?

P. W.: My lord is both wise and gracious.

(Slave enters and salutes)

Slave: The Hebrew, my lord.

(Joseph enters and makes obeisance)

Joseph: My lord, behold thy servant.

P. (stretching out his hand): Arise, stand. You have found favor in my sight. My affairs have become a burden to me and I am determined to appoint you overseer over all my house and fields. Here are scrolls, here are the keys, and this my ring. I am placing all things in your charge and when the moon is full I will return and receive the accounts at your hands.

Joseph (bowing): It is enough, my lord. Thy servant is unworthy such favor. Jehovah, the God of my father Jacob bless thee and all thy house. The Lord who hath given me favor in thy sight, cast me forth out of his presence, if I be unfaithful to this stewardship.

(During the interview above, Potiphar's wife is much moved.)

P. (addressing his wife): I leave at once with Pharaoh's army for the country of the south. The Hebrew will be at your service. Command him. Farewell, my little one. *(kisses his wife.) (Exit Potiphar.)*

Joseph (to slave): Go bring me the reckoning of the hire of the fields of your master. *(to another slave)* Go learn the number of measures of wheat and barley in the storehouses. *(to another slave)* Fetch the tale of slaves who toil in the fields and those who toil in the house.

(Potiphar's wife during this time has been engaged with her maids. Sends one out on an errand.)

P. W.: *(archly, to Joseph)*: Potiphar's steward was born to rule and not to serve.

Joseph (to P. W.): My lord has laid heavy responsibilities upon his unworthy servant.

(During this and the following conversation the servants and maids are busy in the background. One of the servants

should make love slyly to a maid. Light of desert in background is gradually changing from daylight to red sunset then to a soft moonlight so arranged that the columns throw shadows across the interior of the room.)

P. W.: The shoulders that bear those burdens are broad and strong.

Joseph: I was a shepherd lad. As a boy I bore my share of the labors of camp and field.

P. W.: Tell us about your boyhood home.

Joseph: My home was far away among the rugged mountains of Canaan.

P. W.: How beautiful! Do you know, often when I listen to the strange tales of travelers, I grow weary of the monotony of this Nile valley. But tell us about yourself.

Joseph: There is little to tell. My father owned much cattle, which grazed upon the hills. He was a great man, held in reverence throughout all that region.

(All in the room show much interest in this narrative.)

P. W.: A worthy sire of a noble son. *(admiringly.)*

Joseph (reminiscently) Often in the cool of the evening he would tell me the story of Abraham, our ancestor, who when a young man left his father's home in Ur of Chaldaea and came to Canaan.

P. W.: What fortune did he seek?

Joseph: He followed the inner light and sought only the true worship of Jehovah.

P. W.: How wonderful! He must have been very great. But why did you leave home?

(Joseph, greatly moved, does not answer. P. W. rises and by a sign dismissing the attendants, advances toward him.)

P. W. (tenderly): Forgive me; I have pained you. I did not ask from idle curiosity. Oh, it is wonderful to strive for something—to do something really worth doing!

Joseph: Then you understand. As I listened to my father talk of Abraham and Isaac and of the promise that they should found a great nation which would worship Jehovah, my heart kindled with longing to achieve. I was willing to tend the sheep, but I dreamed of doing something bigger and better.

P. W. (moving nearer): I too dream.

Joseph: Do you believe in dreams?

P. W.: I do in yours. Your dreams shall come true. You shall do great things.

Joseph: But your dreams?

P. W. (*sadly*): They are only a woman's fancy.

Joseph: I would hear them.

P. W. (*pensively*): When the rosy dawn kisses the desert, the sand and rocks blush with beauty. Then the world glows with romance and with the promise of love.

Joseph (*with enthusiasm*): I have seen it often while tending the sheep.

P. W. (*sadly*): But when the sun is fully risen the romance vanishes and there remain only the dreary wastes of desert sands. (*bitterly*) That is the story of my life. I, the daughter of a priest, believed, as my foolish maid Sappo, that life is a romance, that love is real. It is not true. Life is a desert waste. (*weeps*.)

Joseph (*with sympathy*): Do not say so. I believe in Jehovah who orders all our life.

P. W.: And I (*looking up archly through her tears*) in such a man as you.

Joseph: And Potiphar.

P. W. (*bitterly*): He cares for nothing but scrolls, and slaves, and arms. (*tenderly*) Do you not understand? I weary of idleness—of being amused. (*drawing nearer*) As the lotus flower to the sun, my heart opens to you. Oh, Joseph, Joseph, (*throwing her arms about his neck and looking eagerly into his eyes in tenderness*) I love you!

Joseph (*holding her apart a little but looking eagerly into her eyes*): Oh, my God, and thou art Potiphar's wife!

P. W. (*archly*): Nay, Joseph's. Potiphar leads an army—warfare has its perils. Should he return, our slaves are trustworthy; what have we to fear? (*clinging to him*) May we not love?

Joseph (*holding her to him in one brief embrace and then exclaiming*): How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? (*tears himself from her, leaving his mantle in her hands and rushes from the stage*.)

P. W. (*in passionate rage, wrings the mantle about her face and hands, then lifts her hands toward heaven in an imprecatory oath; stamps her foot*.)

P. W.: Guards! (*Guards rush in*)

P. W.: Sieze the Hebrew and put him in ward!

(*Exit guards*)

(*P. W. in a burst of passion tries to tear mantle, then, throwing it over diran, trembling with emotion, sinks down upon the floor, and buries her face in the mantle. Her frame quivers with emotion and sobs. During this acting hidden orchestra plays softly plaintive music. Light gradually lessens until the stage is in darkness. Curtain falls. Lights of auditorium are turned on gradually.*)

Scene 2

(*Scene a prison. Curtain rises revealing dungeon empty. A dim, grayish light. The back curtain, representing prison wall, so arranged that it can part in the middle and be drawn to the wings. Butler short and stout. Baker tall and thin. Enter Butler and Baker, wrangling.*)

Butler: And I tell you it is all in my family. My grandfather he dreamed—

Baker: From drinking too much wine your grandfather dreamed.

Butler: My grandfather said, "Boy," he said—

Baker: I don't care what your grandfather said.

Butler: "If you don't understand your dreams," said my grandfather, "Boy," he said, "go and see a wise man, who can explain them to you. Boy," he said, "Anubis is sending you a warning and you must heed it."

Baker: What is the matter with you? Is prison fare so rich that it makes you dream of your grandfather?

Butler (mysteriously): I dreamed—

Baker: Who cares what you dreamed, you thick headed idiot?

Butler: It is as my grandfather said, "Boy," he said—

Baker: Ye gods! Never mind what your grandfather said; tell me about that dream of yours. Get it off your mind and you will feel better!

Butler: I dreamed—a vine grew up before me and it had three branches heavy with ripe grapes—and—and I took the clusters and made wine and poured the wine into Pharaoh's cup

—and—and I gave the cup to Pharaoh. As my grandfather said, “Boy,” he said,—

Baker (relenting): I also dreamed last night.—But what’s a dream; all nonsense.

Butler: My grandfather—

Baker (with horror): I saw my father’s ghost last night. Do you suppose there is any meaning to our dreams? I wish some one would tell us.

Butler: Come on, let us tell them to Joseph. He understands dreams and will explain ours. (*departing*) My grandfather said, “Boy,” said he,—

(*Exit Baker and Butler.*)

(*Joseph enters walking as in a trance.*)

Joseph: Am I dreaming? (*looks about*) This foul dungeon! (*feels of the walls with his hands*) These cold walls. Would God it were a dream! (*continues*) Why has this evil come upon me? I have wronged no man. Cursed be the day in which I was born! Does God live and permit such injustice? The whole world has turned against me. . . . My name is a by-word among men. . . . Where are now the dreams of my boyhood? . . . For hopes, slavery; for faithfulness, a dungeon; for honor, disgrace! . . . If my brethren should hear, would they not rejoice? . . . If my father, would he believe me innocent? . . . Would God I were dead!

(*Falls upon cot in a semi-trance. During the trance the back curtain, prison wall, disappears and the tableau appears in background, showing a white background and white side wings.*)

(*A symbolic representation of the inner conflict of Joseph occasioned by his great temptation. First symbolic figure, female, gaudily dressed. Soft light thrown upon figure. Dancing music by hidden orchestra. F. S. F. carries wine cup.*)

First Symbolic Figure: Why this despondency? Youth is not for weeping, but for laughter. Come drink of this cup of pleasure, which mortals covet and which the gods have filled for you; and for this dungeon you shall have a palace and honors and beauty and love.

(*The light which has heretofore brought the First Sym. Figure out into bold relief, now brings out a Second Symbolic Figure, female in white, while the First Symbolic Figure grad-*

ually disappears in darkness. *Second Symbolic Figure carries a white lily. Soft blue light thrown on Second Figure, hidden music tender, with religious element prominent.*)

Second Symbolic Figure: Beautiful is the garden of pleasure and sweet the forbidden wine. But a serpent lurks beneath the flowers and death hovers over the cup. Love that is pure as this lily gives joy unmingled with sorrow. Shall a man be unwilling to suffer for honor? Remember the faith of Abraham and the God of your father. Remember the old home and the dreams of youth. These hold dear; and the joy of noble aim, of victory over wrong, of duty performed, shall lead you up to the glory-crowned heights into the presence of the angels of God.

(The light shining upon S. S. F. gradually lessens while an invisible choir sings appropriate music. Second Sym. Figure disappears in the darkness and the strengthening light reveals the background a prison wall again.)

(Joseph rising as from a prayer-trance stands erect, his attitude as well as his words manifesting his victory.)

Joseph: Surely God is in this place and I knew it not. I can not betray my master and sin against God. I have been faithful to my stewardship; I have triumphed over temptation. No one can seize my honor! No dungeon can enslave me! I am free!

(Curtain falls.)

Act Three

Scene 1

(Pharaoh's court. A scene of Egyptian splendor. Background: Columns with a desert scene behind showing Sphinx and Pyramids. Interior richly furnished—Throne. Light: full daylight over background. Enter Butler and Chiro.)

Butler: I am trembling from head to foot and am hardly able to stand up.

Chiro: By the holy cow tail, my noble butler, if your nose had less color, I would call you pale, too. What is the matter? Is your sweetheart gone?

Butler: This is no joke, you empty headed peacock; this is horrible, just horrible! My best friend, the noblest soul in Egypt is dead, killed, executed by Pharaoh's order. He is as

dead as he ever can be,—hanging in a tree close to the Nile.

Chiro: I don't like stories of that sort, by the holy cow tail, I don't. But why did they hang him?

Butler: Why, man, the cats, I tell you; the cats are to blame for it all.

Chiro: The cats! Curses on you, you babbling ape! You shall pay dearly for jesting with one of Pharaoh's noblemen!

(Tries to strike him. Butler dodges and as a suppliant replies:)

Butler: Don't be angry with Pharaoh's most wretched servant. Indeed, it is no jest. As my grandfather said to me, "Boy," he said,—

Chiro: No, I will not kill you, but have you put in ward. For it is plain that wine has addled your brain.

Butler: Hear me, noble *Chiro*. It is even as I said. My friend, the poor baker, is dead, hanged by order of Pharaoh; and all because of the cats.

Chiro: The cats! you snivelling idiot! What did the cats have to do with your baker? All Egypt knows that cats are sacred, sacred as the heart of the Holy Bull.

Butler: It is even so. No one dare touch one of those sacred animals. But my friend the Baker—poor man—you see the kitchens were alive with cats. And the poor man could not sleep day or night for all the noise and worry they made him. So he filled two sacks with the sacred scratchers and threw them into the Nile—music, holiness and all.

Chiro: Most interesting story, most interesting! by the holy cow tail! But here is *Sappo*, (*as Sappo enters*) the light of my eyes, beautiful as the lotus on the water. (*Greets Sappo and engages in conversation with her.*)

Butler (*as a horn is heard in the distance*): And here comes Pharaoh and all his court. It is as my grandfather said, "Boy," he said,—

(A flourish of trumpets announces the royal procession, which is ushered in in Oriental splendor. Pharaoh, noblemen and ladies of the court, prominent among them Potiphar and Potiphar's wife; ladies in waiting, guards, attendants, slaves, astrologers and priests. Pharaoh ascends the throne.)

Pharaoh: Once more we have summoned you, O wise and holy men of Egypt, to tell us the meaning of our dreams. It was fitting that time should be given you for meditation and

observation of the stars. And this we have done. And now we are assembled and our royal court to hear your wise utterances. For where in all the world are wise men to compare with the astrologers of Egypt? Speak, oh wise men, ye who read the language of the stars.

Chief Astrologer: The stars, O great and noble Pharaoh, have during the long nights told their mystic stories to your faithful servants; but no ray of light have they given to illumine the mystery of your dreams.

Pharaoh: It is not to the astrologers that the gods reveal their deepest mysteries, but to the priests, custodians of their sacred temples. Ye are the men who hear the voices of the immortals and discern hidden secrets. What mean our dreams? Will there be a new war to add to the glory of Egypt and to preserve our name to all generations? Speak, oh priests of Egypt!

High Priest: We also, Oh most noble Pharaoh, have spent the nights in earnest prayer and the days in fasting, that our senses might be keen to reach deeper into the unknown future; but no whisper from the immortals has reached our eager ears. There is no answer that will explain the dreams of Pharaoh.

Pharaoh: The gods are angry. They show their presence, but will not enlighten the minds of their unworthy servants. I fear disaster for my people and know not how to meet it. Is there no one among all the wise men of Egypt who can interpret to us our dreams?

Butler (greatly excited): Where is my head—I mean my mind—I mean my thoughts?—greatest of all great Pharaohs. I know such a wise man as well as I know my wine cup. I have known him all this time—only give me time to think. Let me see—he is the Hebrew—Joseph, the Hebrew, (*at the mention of Joseph's name Potiphar's Wife starts in evident agitation.*) who was thrown into prison. He had a mind clearer than all these wise men. He will interpret for Pharaoh his dream.

Pharaoh: The gods have strange ways of revealing themselves to men, and they choose their own messengers. (*to Chiro*) Let the Hebrew be brought in.

(*Chiro sends guards for Joseph*)

Pharaoh (to Potiphar): I have heard of this man. Is he not your steward? Did you not tell us you had not found among all your servants one like him for wisdom and faithful-

ness? (*During this conversation the agitation of Potiphar's Wife increases.*)

Potiphar: It is even so, noble Pharaoh.

Pharaoh: How then is it that he lies in ward? for did not the butler say this Hebrew was thrown into prison?

Potiphar: (*Potiphar's Wife leans eagerly forward and watches her husband intently, fearful of his reply*) The butler spoke truly, oh noble Pharaoh. Yet Joseph, the Hebrew, is a most valuable servant. Do we not put bits into the mouths of the Arabian horses that they may better serve us? And no better horses than those come into Pharaoh's stables.

(*Potiphar's Wife shows evident signs of relief at this evasive answer of her husband.*)

Pharaoh: A wise general indeed is my good Potiphar.

Slave: The Hebrew, Oh noble Pharaoh.

(*Potiphar's Wife watches the entrance eagerly.*)

Pharaoh: Let him come in. We will see whether he can explain to us our dreams.

(*Enter Joseph between two guards. Potiphar's Wife gazes at Joseph eagerly. Their eyes for an instant meet. P. W., overcome in that instant by her love for Joseph starts as though to go to him. Then remembering her disgrace and in evident shame and confusion at the sight of Joseph, whom she has wronged, draws her veil over her head and covering her face slips quietly out of the court.*)

Joseph (*making obeisance to Pharaoh*): Long live Pharaoh, great and noble Pharaoh!

Pharaoh: We have dreamed and no one can interpret it. And it has been told to us that you understand the mysteries and can tell the meaning of dreams. For this reason we have sent for you.

Joseph: It is not in me, O noble Pharaoh. God will give Pharaoh an answer of peace.

Pharaoh (*reminiscently*): In my dream I stood upon the brink of the river. And behold, seven cattle, fat and well favored, came up out of the river and fed in the reed grass. And behold, seven other cattle came up after them—poor and ill favored, such as were never seen in all the land of Egypt. And the lean cattle ate up the seven fat cattle, but were still ill favored as at the beginning. So I awoke.

(Exclamations of wonder on part of attendants.)

Chiro: The Hebrew cannot solve that riddle. Seven lean cattle devour seven fat cattle, and are not one whit fatter for the meal, by the holy cow tail!

Butler: It is even as my grandfther said, "Boy," he said,—

Pharaoh (continuing): While I was pondering over this dream, I fell asleep, and dreamed again. Behold, seven ears grew upon one stalk, full and good. And behold, seven ears withered thin and blasted with the east wind sprang up after them. And the thin ears swallowed up the seven good ears. We have told our dreams unto the magicians and priests, wise and sacred men of Egypt; and they can not declare unto us our dreams. Now tell us if you can the meaning.

Joseph: The dream of Pharaoh is one: what God is about to do, he hath declared unto Pharaoh. The seven good cattle are seven years. And the seven good ears are seven years; the dream is one. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all Egypt. And the seven lean and ill favored cattle and also the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind—they are seven years of famine. For after the seven years of plenty shall arise seven years of famine. And the famine shall consume the land. It shall be very grievous.

(Magicians and priests in high dudgeon retire crestfallen.)

Chiro: By the holy cow tail! Wise men indeed! Custodians of the secrets of the gods!

Pharaoh: The favor of God is upon the Hebrew, who has declared unto us our dream. The years of plenty are welcome; but tell us, how can the land endure seven years of famine?

Joseph: Let Pharaoh appoint overseers, and let Pharaoh choose a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt. And let them gather the surplus of the good years that come. And the food shall be for a store for the land against the years of famine; that the land perish not through famine.

Pharaoh (to Joseph): You have spoken wisely. It shall be done as you have shown. *(to court)* Can we find another such man as this one in whom the spirit of God is?

Nobles (together): He is worthy.

Pharaoh (to Joseph): Forasmuch as God has showed you all this, there is no one so discreet and wise as you. We, therefore, appoint you over all the land of Egypt. *(to court)* Only

in the throne shall we be greater than Joseph, the Hebrew!

(Pharaoh takes the signet ring off his finger and puts it on the finger of Joseph. The servants bring robes, and a gold chain with which Potiphar on behalf of the court of Pharaoh adorns him. Joseph kneels at the foot of the throne and kisses the hem of Pharaoh's garment, then rising addresses Pharaoh.)

Joseph: Thy servant was a shepherd lad and God at the hand of the great king hath raised him to power. The God of my father Jacob bless thee, Oh noble Pharaoh, and thy house and all thy kingdom. And hath not God indeed raised up Pharaoh and Joseph thy unworthy servant to save the people? Thy people, oh king, hunger for bread, for the true bread and know not that they are in want; and famine consumes them. Yet it is the purpose of God to feed them. Corn and meat shalt thou give them for their bodies:—yet are they better than the beasts that perish. And God provides bread for their souls.

(While Joseph speaks Tableau 3 appears.)

Tableau 3. The True Bread

(Background disappears as in prison scene showing white background and wings. From the right wing a soft blue light is turned on. From the left wing seven symbolic figures in white in a train and at regular intervals proceed slowly across the stage towards the blue light. As this procession is in progress Joseph completes his explanation of the true bread.)

This tableau presents a deeper meaning of Pharaoh's dreams: that provision should be made not only for bread but also for the higher life.

Symbolic Figures:

1. *Carrying Palm* *Loyalty*
2. *Carrying Scales* *Honor*
3. *Finger on Lips* *Kindness*
4. *Carrying Lily* *Love*
5. *Carrying Cross* *Courage*
6. *Carrying Torch* *Faith*
7. *Carrying Palm* *Peace*)

Joseph (continuing):

Of loyalty to Truth and sacred duty;
Of Honor, that betrays no trust;
Of Kindness, that conquers hate;

Of Love, that is pure and never fails;
Of Courage, that can suffer wrong;
Of Faith, that leads to the heights of God;
Of Peace, that crowneth all.

Let not the people perish, Oh noble Pharaoh! Give them the true bread!

(Curtain falls.)

Tableau 4. The Brethren Journeying to Égypt

(Background and wings white. One decoration, palm trees and desert growth indicating an oasis, a little to right of center of stage. Warm yellow light from ceiling. No foot-lights, just enough light from wings to prevent shadows.)

Ten brethren pass slowly across stage, bearing burdens. They return and after lighting a camp fire retire upon ground in foreground as in sleep. From the right wing of background a soft blue light begins to shine. From the left wing a soft red morning light, both lights growing gradually stronger. Whistling of bird is heard. Red light grows stronger and from the left rear wing a train of dream figures clothed in white enters. Joseph the lad in the center. As he reaches the center of the rear stage his white mantle drops from him disclosing him in the coat of many colors. The figures kneel as in prayer. Joseph extends his hands as in blessing. Curtain falls.)

(Curtain falls.)

Act Four

Scene 1

(Egyptian market place. A scene of activity. Egyptians purchasing grain. Stewards busy measuring out grain and receiving coin. Joseph richly dressed overseeing all. Slaves.)

(Slave enters and salutes Joseph.)

Slave: There are men without, my Lord, who come from a far country seeking corn. They say they are Hebrew shepherds.

(Joseph is agitated by this announcement.)

Joseph: Command the men to be brought in.

(Exit slave returning with Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulon, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, clothed as shepherds, travel stained and carrying packs on their backs.)

(Brethren make obeisance to Joseph.)

Joseph (roughly): From whence do you come?

Reuben: From the land of Canaan to buy food.

Joseph: You are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are you come.

Reuben: Nay, my Lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

Joseph: That is a likely story. By the life of Pharaoh, you are spies. Ho guards! Surround these men!

(Guards seize. Exit Joseph, greatly moved.)

Judah (to other brethren, aside): Shall a man hide his sin or hope to escape the punishment of Jehovah? We were guilty concerning the lad, our brother Joseph. We saw the distress of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us.

Reuben: Spake I not unto you saying, "Do not sin against this child!" and ye would not hear? Therefore also behold his blood is required of us.

(Joseph enters)

Joseph: You are spies and well deserve to be cast into prison. But this will I do: Go, bring your youngest brother and we will prove your words, whether they be true or false. One of you *(pointing to Simeon)* we will keep in ward; and by the life of Pharaoh, if you are spies and return not with your youngest brother, the blood of this man will I requite of you. Upon your heads be his blood.

(Simeon is bound. Curtain falls.)

Scene 2

(Joseph's House. Joseph alone.)

Joseph: Can I endure this suspense longer? It is a long journey to Canaan and they carried much food. Yet even so they should now soon return. My father!—Oh, is he yet alive? Benjamin! I shall see him. God speed their return!

(Slave enters)

Slave: The noble Chiro, my lord.

Joseph: Let him enter. *(Exit slave. Enter Chiro.)*

Chiro: My Lord, Potiphar sent me from the market place with some men—strangers—who would see you. They are a

curious lot, by the holy cow tail! Shepherds! (*in great disdain*)

Joseph: Bring them in, *Chiro*.

(*Chiro ushers in Reuben leading Benjamin, Judah, Issachar, Zebulon, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher. Joseph shows great emotion aside.*)

(*They make obeisance and present money and presents to Joseph.*)

Reuben: My Lord, thy servants came to buy food and as we were journeying home we found every man his money in his sack's mouth. Now behold we have brought double money and these presents, and lo, this our youngest brother, (*presenting Benjamin*) for thy servants are not spies, but honest men.

Joseph: (*eagerly*) Is your father well, the old man of whom you spoke? Is he yet alive?

Reuben: Thy servant, our father, is well; he is yet alive.

Joseph (*taking Benjamin's hand*): Is this your youngest brother of whom you spake?

Reuben: It is he.

Joseph (*with difficulty controlling his emotions*): God be gracious unto thee, my son.

Joseph (*handing scroll to servant*): Go, bring the Hebrew from the prison house.

Joseph: Ho slave! (*enter slave*) These men have journeyed far and this little one is weary with the journey. Let food be prepared; set on bread. Let none go hungry while there is corn in Egypt. (*Curtain falls.*)

Scene 3

(*Joseph's House. During the interval between scene 2 and scene 3 the eleven brothers after feasting at Joseph's house have set out on their return to Canaan. By Joseph's secret command the purchase money for the grain which they carried back with them is placed in the mouth of every man's sack. In addition Joseph's silver cup, which was supposed to be a cup of divination, is placed in the sack of Benjamin. When they have been gone a day's journey, Joseph sends officers after them demanding the cup. They plead innocent of the charge and offer to surrender that one of the company in whose possession the cup may be found. To their dismay the cup is found in*

Benjamin's sack. They are brought back to Joseph under strong guard. Present Joseph, Guard, Attendants, Slaves.)

Joseph (to guard): What tidings do you bring from those men of Canaan? Did I not command you to bring them with you?

Guard: Yea, my Lord. We overtook them by the way that goes past the great Pyramid.

Joseph: And the cup, my cup of silver—did you find it?

Guard: Yea, my lord, the cup is found. In the sack of the youngest we found it.

Joseph: And the men, where are they?

Guard: They stand without, my lord.

Joseph: Bring them in. (*Exit guard*)

Joseph (to attendants): I will be alone.

(*Exit attendants*)

(*Enter guard heavily armed ushering in brethren carrying their sacks. Judāh leading with Benjamin, who carries the cup. They fall before Joseph on the ground.*)

Joseph: What is this deed that you have done? Did you think to escape? Did you not know that such a man as I can divine?

Judah (rising to speak): What shall we say unto my lord? How can we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants. Behold we are my lord's bondmen; both we and he also in whose hand the cup was found.

Joseph: The man in whose hand the cup is found shall be my bondman; but as for you, get you up in peace to your father.

Judah (approaching and taking hold of Joseph's knees, supplicates): O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant, for thou art even as Pharaoh.

My lord asked his servants, "Have ye a father or a brother?" And we said unto my lord, "We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one. And his brother is dead. He alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.

And thou saidst unto thy servants, "Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him." And we said unto my lord, "If the lad should leave his father, his father would die!"

And thou saidst, "Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more."

And when we returned unto thy servant our father we told him the words of my lord.

And our father said, "Go again, buy us a little food." And we said, "We cannot go down except our youngest brother be with us." And thy servant our father said, "Me have you bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not; and ye will take Benjamin away."

And I thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father saying, "If I bring him not unto thee, then shall I bear the blame forever."

Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad is not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; it will come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die. And thy servants will bring down the gray hairs of our father with sorrow to the grave. (*rising*)

Now therefore, let me, I pray thee abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord. And let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father if the lad be not with me?

(*Joseph, greatly agitated by this plea, motions guards to leave. Exit guards.*)

Joseph (weeping and throwing himself upon *Judah's* neck): I am Joseph, thy brother. Doth my father live?

(*The brethren shrink from him in fear.*)

Joseph: Come near me, I pray you.

Simeon: We have sinned. Thy bondmen shall we be.

(*Joseph embraces the brethren in turn. To Benjamin he shows most affection.*)

Joseph: Nay, say not so. Ye are my brethren. Be not grieved with yourselves that ye sold me hither. God did send me before you to preserve life. Lo, the God of our fathers gave me victory over temptation that through me he might work a mighty deliverance.

But haste you! Go up to my father and say unto him, "Joseph, thy son liveth." And bring down my father unto me.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Tableau 5. Reunion and Fulfillment of Joseph's Dreams

(Background and wings white. Yellow light. Jacob, feeble and leaning on staff, in rich patriarchal dress, sons, wives, children, servants, in rich shepherd dress, a large company, pass slowly upon stage as journeying. Sons and attendants leading. Jacob enters with Benjamin. They form reverently in center of stage as in worship. Jacob in center raises hands as in prayer and then in blessing upon the company, while evening hymn is sung in background. Light growing softer. Jacob then proceeds to front and side of stage and starts across. Others in background. At this moment Joseph, richly dressed, enters at opposite side near front. He catches sight of his father who also sees him. A moment of searching gaze, and then they approach each other, Joseph with strong dignified steps, Jacob eagerly but tremblingly. They embrace and weep. Jacob lifts up his hands toward heaven as in gratitude.

Joseph and his father walk together toward the background. All except brethren quietly withdraw. Brethren move to same place occupied in Tableau 1. Rear curtain at this time disappears disclosing same angels and altar fires as in Tableau 1, except background and wings are white. Brethren kneel toward altar. Jacob also kneels. Joseph taking same position as in Tableau 1, takes a tray of bread from one of the angels and extends it toward the kneeling figures.

Light: During first part of this scene soft red sunset light. During the organizing of the tableau the light changes to a soft blue, with a stereopticon throwing starlike figures over stage.)

(Curtain falls.)

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